

DEATH AND THE POET,

A DIALOGUE,

WITH SCRIPTURAL NOTES.

TOGETHER

WITH OTHER POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS :

BY

JAMES MARTIN.

I rhyme full as freely as think—
The hypocrite's art I despise,
And rather by honesty sink,
Than by servile cringing to rise.

Kells :

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P R E F A C E.

As the most of the Pieces in the following pages, were never intended for publicity, the Reader cannot reasonably expect to meet with that accuracy throughout, so necessary for publication. Neither can he expect to meet with much genuine poetry, as the nature of the subjects detailed therein, does not admit of much poetical excellence. But I beg to apprise the Reader, not to come to too hasty a conclusion, while reading the Dialogue between Death and the Poet, till he shall have read the whole Piece. In treating in that Piece, of the two prevailing doctrines of the Christian world, namely—"Justification by Faith only," and "Justification by Faith and good Works." I did not mean to become a controversialist; as I came to no conclusion. I give in the Notes, the strongest texts that are quoted, both for and against either doctrine, and leave the Reader to come to his own conclusion. The whole of the texts, together with the names of the Books, are exclusively taken from the Protestant Bible. In the TOUR, and there are no personalities, I speak of men and places generally, just as I find them. What I have said of the gentlemen

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of Dundalk, is to show their total want of public spirit, in encouraging the literature of their country—and as such, I have said no more of them than they deserve.

I have no apology to make for *errors* or *inability*; all that I could say, in excusing such, would never prevent the Reader from forming his own judgment and opinion. The Work is now before the public, and let it be treated as it deserves.

The only request I shall ask in conclusion, is—That the kind indulgence of a generous Public will make some allowance for the *age* and *infirmities* of the hoary Bard; as it cannot be reasonably expected, that his very humble abilities can be *now* what they *were*.

MILLBROOK,

2nd. Oct. 1857.

John McGrath

DEATH AND THE POET:

A DIALOGUE.

For four months, by sickness, confined to my bed,
My spirits exhausted, my hopes nearly fled;
So feeble in body, that I was quite sure,
That Death and Death only my ailment could cure.
Enfeebled by sickness, and wasted by care,
I humbly addressed my Redeemer in pray'r,
I thought on that *love* which had urged Him to die,
From pains everlasting His creature to buy,
And of all the tortures which He had endured,
Which glory eternal for mortals procured.
Then something impelled me, which I did not
know,
T' examine what memory's tablets would show—
But shame and confusion soon caused me to burn,
When conscience displayed what I gave in return!
His tortures intense and ineffable love,
His bounties and blessings sent me from above,

And all He had suffered in pain and disgrace,
 That I had repaid with ingratitude base !
 But what my attention did mostly engage,
 Were th' errors of youth and omissions of age,
 And countless transgressions which rose in review,
 And such a dread picture no pencil e'er drew !
 I then asked my conscience with horror intense,
 If that kind Redeemer should summon me hence,
 How I, in confusion, before Him should stand,
 Who but condemnation deserved at His hand ?
 To another question I could not reply,
 Which something had asked—Are you ready to die ?
 In horror I startled, as if from a dream,
 And, urged by compunction, I uttered a scream—
 (Oh God ! I've abused all the favours You've sent !
 But now grant another, in time to repent—
 I'm sorry in soul for the acts I have done—
 And pardon my treasons for sake of Thy Son.
 But ere I recovered from that horrid fright,
 An outlandish spectre appeared to my sight—
 A figure so ghostly would courage appal,
 Its aspect was hideous, its stature was tall !
 Its visage was frightful, grim, scowling and wan—
 Its waist you could compass with less than a span ;
 Its bones small and fleshless, would terror impart,
 And in its right hand seemed to brandish a dart.
 Its shape appeared human, but of such a stamp
 As might e'en the courage of Hercules damp !
 Its legs long and naked—its mouth appeared wide,
 Its eyeballs were sunken and piercing beside—

On me these were fixed with so scowling a stare,
 As stilled each pulsation and bristled each hair.
 This demon of terror such spells o'er me flung,
 As stopt respiration and shackled my tongue.
 I would have addressed it, but frightened and weak,
 I was, for some moments, unable to speak ;
 But somewhat recovered, an effort I made,
 And thus, with emotion, accosted the shade—
 " Come tell frightful spectre, whatever you be,
 Your name, occupation, and errand to me !"
 Without hesitation an answer it gave
 In accents, that savoured of groans from a grave.
 " My name it is Death ! and by calling designed
 To finish on earth, the career of mankind !
 The potentate, prelate, prince, prig, peer & peasant,
 From Adam's formation to this moment present,
 Devoid of distinction should bow to my sway—
 I swept, without favour, the total away !
 And now of my errand, you quickly shall know,
 You're summoned before your Redeemer to go
 To that Bar of justice, where all must appear,
 To give an account of their actions when here !"
 I was so affrighted by what he had said,
 That I felt each hair stand erect on my head !
 Life's current was frozen, yet made this reply—
 I'm tarnished with guilt, and not ready to die.
 I thought that much longer my life would be spared,
 Which leaves me for judgment so much unpre-
 pared.
 And if my Redeemer that message had sent,
 He'd give, by some warning, more time to repent..

I know my Redeemer's ineffably good,
 Who died to redeem me by His precious blood;
 And cannot, from justice, do aught that's amiss,—
 His mercy had sent me more warning than this—
 Nor would He this night such a spectre employ,
 To cite me to justice my soul to destroy."

DEATH.

Your answer evasive to me is but stuff,
 You have, by your sickness, had warning enough;
 And tho' you had never got warning before,
 That one was sufficient, and needed no more.
 For from the first moment that man draws his breath
 And nothing to him is more certain than death!
 From that common lot no condition can save,—
 As life's but a journey that ends in the grave.
 You've read in the Scriptures, you cannot deny,
 That "it is appointed for all men to die." (a)
 And tho' still to death ye're advancing apace,
 Yet nought's so uncertain's the time and the
 place. (b)

The Deity threatens, from sin to affright,
 To come unaware like a thief in the night; (c)

(a) And as it appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment. Heb. ix. 27.

(b) Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh. Matt. xxv. 13.

(c) For yourselves know perfectly, that the glory of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. 1 Thes. v. 2. Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee. Rev. iii. 3.

And further to caution 'gainst sin's cruel pow'r,
 He adds—that ye know not the day nor the hour. (d)
 And still to press forward in that narrow way (e)
 And be always ready His summons t' obey.
 In th' inspired volume, you plainly may read,
 To work while 'tis day, ere the night will succeed.
 All these, and the Sermons you constantly hear,
 Which should like a tocsin still sound in your ear,
 And which, tho' by many to Lethe are cast,
 Will rise up in judgment against them at last;
 And where, to their horror, the Judge will declare,
 That these were all warnings for *me* to prepare!
 Yet man lets his mind on vain trifles to roam,
 As if his short dwelling on earth was his home.

POET.

I own that some impulse still shackles the mind,
 To worldly possessions, of most of mankind—
 Their consorts, wealth, children, and worldly
 pursuits,
 Oft level their reason to th' instinct of brutes;
 And yet, notwithstanding, there's something
 within,
 That shows a hereafter, and th' evil of sin;

(d) Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. Matt. xxiv. 44.

(e) Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. Matt. vii. 13, 14.

And on that great Being, Who that light supplies;
 With confidence man on His mercy relies,
 And trusts that His mercy, which nought can
 excel,
 Will stand before justice to keep him from hell.

DEATH.

To trust to His mercy I own it is fit,
 Altho' tis the rock on which numbers have split :
 But surely 'tis folly, vain, foolish and rash,
 To think that God's attributes ever can clash,—
 His wisdom has ordered all matters so fair,
 That *one* with the *other* cannot interfere—
 Altho' we unrivalled, His attributes call,
 I own that His mercy's the greatest of all. (f)
 But while hardened sinners beard God to His face,
 Despise all His warnings, and trample on Grace ;
 Their loving Redeemer defy by their guilt,
 And treat like the Heathen the blood He has spilt ;
 And, to their last moments, repentance delay,
 Their mercy to justice must surely give way.
 But soon as the sinner desisteth from crime,
 And seeks, by repentance, God's favour in time ;
 With purpose determined each evil to quit,
 Then justice to mercy will gladly submit.
 For mortals' instruction the Lord left a Code.
 To guide them securely on the narrow road ;

(f) The Lord is gracious and full of compassion ; slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Ps. cxlv, 8, 9

To each threat and promise, there written to teach,
 You'll find a condition still coupled with each.
 And with these conditions if mankind comply,
 They will be His servants, still ready to die,
 But these if transgressed by the people, from whom
 His mercy dispelled infidelity's gloom,
 And not to the letter these precepts obey,
 The Gentiles are better and safer than they.

POET.

Did not the Redeemer, on mercy's broad plan,
 Secure, by his Passion, redemption for man ?
 And when by free Grace we have faith in the same,
 All men shall be saved who believe in his name. (g)
 And when by faith only we stand justified.
 We then for salvation want nothing beside !
 And as by faith only we bliss can secure, (h)
 The works you allude to, are useless I'm sure.

(g) And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered : &c. Joel ii. 32. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. Acts ii. 21. Sirs, what must I do to be saved ? And they said, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. Acts xvi. 30, 31. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16: See also, John vi. 47, and Rom. x. 13.

(h) For by grace ye are saved, through faith ; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast. Ephes. ii. 8, 9. Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace ; which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. 2 Tim. i. 9. Wherefore is boasting then ? It is excluded, By what law ? Of works ? Nay : but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law. Rom. iii. 27, 28.

DEATH.

Some fatal delusion has led you astray,
 As you much mistake in one-half what you say.
 Free Grace, I admit, is a gift from the Lord,
 But Grace yields good works which He'll amply
 reward :

Which works, joined to faith, are essential to save,
 The Lord thereby crowning the gift which he gave!
 You cannot please God without faith, it is said, (i)
 And also, that faith without works is but dead. (k)
 And faith, hope, and charity, mentioned by Paul,
 He says that the *last* is the greatest of all. (l)
 And if he had faith that would mountains remove,
 'Twould profit him nought if deficient in love. (m)
 And John has declared, in whose sayings you trust,
 That *works* and not *faith* that will follow the
 just. (n)

(i) But without faith it is impossible to please him for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them who diligently seek him. Heb. xi. 6.

(k) What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead. Ye see then how that by works a man is justified and not by faith only. James ii. 14, 19, 20, 24.

(l) And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. xiii. xiii.

(m) Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal, and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. 1 Cor. xiii. 1 & 2.

(n) And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,

And has He not said, Who from truth cannot
 swerve,
 That He'll reward all, as their works shall de-
 serve. (o)
 Exhorteth the young man, in language as plain,
 To keep the commandments, salvation to gain. (p)
 And if by faith only, men works might evade,
 Nine-tenths of God's statutes were uselessly made;
 But He, of salvation, has left you a plan,
 Which cannot be changed by the caprice of man.
 Tho' men, by opinion, may wrongly explain,
 The word of Jehovah can never be vain. (q)

write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

(o) And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. Rev. xxii. 12. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy : for thou renderest to every man according to his work. Ps. lxii. 12. If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works? Prov. xxiv. 12. Great in counsel, and mighty in work :—for thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. Jer. xxxii. 19. Yet ye say, The way of the Lord is not equal. O ye house of Israel, I will judge you every one after his ways. Ezek. xxxiii. 20. For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Matt. xvi. 27.

(p) And he said unto him, why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God: but if thou enter into life, keep the commandments. Matt. xix. 17.

(q) Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Luke xxi. 33.

According to Scripture's infallible scale,
 The Lord has declared it, and works must avail.
 Unless efficacious, th' immutable Lord,
 Would never have promised such works to reward.
 That you have strong faith, I believe well as you,
 By which you're convinced that the Scriptures
 are true ;

But if 'twere sufficient to cancel each crime,
 Say, why for repentance, at present crave time ?

POET.

Yourselves must acknowledge, that many good works,
 Are practised each day by Jews, Pagans, & Turks.
 If such were sufficient salvation to gain,
 The death of the God-man was suffered in vain.
 But Abraham's works, still unmatched on this
 globe,

The penance of David, and patience of Job ;
 For Adam's transgression could never atone,
 Much less, by their merit, to cancel their own.
 But justice offended, by such was not paid,
 Until the Redeemer th' atonement had made,
 Which cancelled the writing 'gainst mortals that
 stood,

And reconciled man to his God, by His blood ;
 And all who, by faith, on *that* blood will depend
 Shall certain salvation obtain in the end (r)

(r) But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident: for, the just shall live by faith.

DEATH.

That faith which believes that Christ suffered and
died

And that he arose and redeemed you beside ;
The same is believed by the devils as well,
Which at His dread name even tremble in hell !
But that is dead faith, which no works will pro-
duce,

And not for salvation considered of use ;
But when joined to charity, works will ensue,
That cannot be equalled by Pagan or Jew. (s)
But God has left precepts and Sacraments too,
And Teachers, to point out the road to pursue ;
All which are the channels, thro' which daily run
The blessed effects of the blood of His Son.—
In the plan of salvation, auxiliaries all,
T' assist those to rise who by weakness may fall ;
And man, without error, from these cannot swerve,
As they were intended from sin to preserve—
And if by *faith only*, man glory could gain,
Such statutes were useless and foolishly vain !
And if by *faith only*, mankind can be saved,
They may live securely both lax and depraved—

Gal. iii. 11. Behold, his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him : but the just shall live by his faith. Hab. ii. 4. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith : as it is written, The just shall live by faith. Rom. i. 17.

(s) For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision ; but faith which worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.

And as you deem *works* of so little account
 Say why recommended by Christ on the Mount?(t)
 Have the strongest faith that a man can possess
 And but the least precept of God to transgress,
 And that you be anxious His grace to regain,
 Not faith but repentance will cleanse out the stain;
 For God in His mercy, has ordered it so,
 That timely repentance keep millions from wo.

POET.

As such is essential, and for me you're sent,
 Why now not allow me that time to repent?
 And as no transgressor by justice is spared,
 Why summon a sinner so much unprepared?

DEATH.

No man, strictly speaking, is called unaware,
 As all get due warning for me to prepare;
 But when all these warnings they blindly neglect,
 By me they are summoned when least they expect.
 And when their conversion they madly put off,
 Their flimsy excuses Jehovah will scoff.
 Inflexible justice is deaf to their cries,
 When mercy from final impenitence flies.
 And you, for repentance, have had ample time,
 Which you've often squandered on patching up
 rhyme;

(t) Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

Which might have been better devoted to pray'r,
Or some work of profit, for me to prepare.

POET.

I own that of metre, thro' life, I was fond,
But truth or decorum I ne'er went beyond.
I never have published an immoral line,
Nor courted for favours in flattering whine.
Nor have I, for favours, to opulence bowed,
And never for interest wheedled the crowd.
No bribe, threat, or promise, induced me to bend,
To be of a Party the tool or the friend :
Nor made me a dupe in hypocrysy's school,
Which meanness I've treated with just ridicule.
I ne'er drew, by satire, from virtue a tear,
Nor gave fulsome praises to the squire or peer.
I've often endeavoured some writers to hush,
Whose ribald expressions made modesty blush ;
And never omitted, in my humble lays,
My bounteous Redeemer and Maker to praise.
Th' abettors of error, I oft put to shame,
Which gained me but little, save plaudits or blame.
Since reason had sobered the sallies of youth,
My voice, tho' but feeble, was raised for the truth.
I feared not, tho' often deemed foolish or rash,
Regardless of persons, abuses to lash—
But never by malice or interest, moved,
To publish, but what was by conscience approved ;
And often created, by these honest ends,
A number of foes, and but few steady friends !

And now, if such rhyming debar me from bliss,
I own I have oftentimes acted amiss.

DEATH.

You misapprehend me, by saying that rhyme,
By me was imputed to you as a crime.
That truths you have published, I frankly admit,
And oft with more candour, than prudence or wit;
I only alluded to time misapplied—
But have you no sins to account for beside?

POET.

I own that in weakness, like most of mankind,
I was like the reed that vibrates with the wind.
Of the strongest passions, by nature, the heir,
By which I oft suffered loss, sorrow, and care;
Still hot in my temper, eccentric and odd—
And oft, by my follies, have angered my God.
My heart, often haughty, was never the seat,
Of malice, revenge, or implacable hate.
These often from rectitude made me recede,
For which I, alas! cannot ignorance plead.
As I on the verge of eternity stand,
And have not a moment of time to command,
I freely forgive all my enemies here.—
In hopes to get pardon where I must appear!
And now, as to justice am hurried away,
By Him, Whose last summons mankind must
obey,
His mercy, I hope, will forgive all I've done,
For sake of the blood that was shed by His Son!!

But, ere to the region of Spirits I go,
 I now, from your Deathship, would willingly
 know,

How you could from Russia have leisure to fly,
 To summon so worthless a creature as I?
 For in the Crimea, if rumours be true
 You never on earth had more business to do!

DEATH.

Since men, to societies, first multiplied,
 There ne'er was a being more grossly belied.
 When armies assemble, their strength to display,
 Thro'hate, or for plunder, their neighbours to slay,
 Of such wanton butcheries, tho' I am free,
 Their murders are wrongfully left upon me.
 With deaths, in their battles, I've nothing to do—
 To which I'll add *duels* and *suicides* too.—
 All who by such wanton barbarities die,
 Are always their own cruel butchers, not I!
 For instance, when Russia thought proper to kill,
 The Allies, in thousands, on Inkerman's hill;
 And th' Allies, no doubt, were as willing as they,
 And claimed equal licence, the Russians to slay—
 That night, and whole morning, I was much engaged,
 For then, 'mong the Moslem, a cholera raged,
 That day from th' encampment, around to the town
 I sent them in fifties to Mahomet down;
 Which kept me employed from the camp to the
 shore,
 Till startled, at length, by the artillery's roar.

I ran, in a hurry, the tumult to view,
Where, thicker than hailstones, the metal balls
flew!

Without interfering, I saw thousands die—
The grape-shot dispatched them as quickly as I!
While wounds, the most ghastly, the dead covered o'er,
Which earth deeply crimsoned with streamlets of
gore.

And tho' quite unconscious, that battle would be,
The whole of the carnage was left upon me.
But what exculpates me, when well understood,
Is, that my keen weapon has never drawn blood.
So that, in all ages, I ne'er stopt the breath
Of any, who died not a natural death.

POET.

You must have assistants, and that not a few,
To aid you in all that you have to go through.
You must be immortal, else you in each clime,
Could never such numbers despatch at a time.

DEATH.

I am not immortal, for I shall expire,
When this old Creation be wasted by fire;
And when immortality man shall assume,
Then I shall be cast to oblivion's womb—
Together with Time, whose long reign shall be o'er,
Our work shall be finished, and needed no more!
I need not a helper, for I, by God's pow'r,
Would kill all your species in less than an hour!

Thro' city, town, forest, plain, mountain and shade,
 Where civilized nations no foot-prints have made!
 Thro' continent, island, tribe, nation and clime,
 I traverse the earth in an instant of time—
 And often whole thousands destroy in my flight,
 And choose not the moment, noon, morning or
 night.

My aim is unerring, my dart is quite sure,
 Its wound is so mortal, no Doctor can cure.
 No power in nature my victim can save,
 No remedy's left, nor resource but the grave !
 I never show favour, my words are but few,
 Nor stop to discourse, as at present with you.

POET.

That you are inflexible, mortals may know,
 And still deemed of man the implacable foe ;
 But say is there aught could induce you to give
 Your servant, a limited respite to live ;
 That I to my Maker may be reconciled,
 Ere I be of wrath the unfortunate child.
 And as I was never much burdened with wealth,
 And have no dependence, but rhyming and health ;
 If you kindly spare me, in future, my lays
 Shall be still devoted to trumpet your praise.

DEATH.

If riches could bribe me, my wealth would amount,
 To more than a mathematician could count.
 But nothing can bribe me, I honestly strike,
 And treat both the monarch and beggar alike.

I do not remember, throughout all my days,
 That I have deserved, or received any praise.
 I'm counted implacable, cruel, and hard,
 Which never should merit the praise of a Bard.
 I'm deemed a Destroyer, mankind would me shun,
 Unless to the righteous, am welcome to none.
 'The will of my Master I still execute,
 Regardless of censure, praise, bribe or dispute ;
 And if ev'ry mortal that story could tell,
 'Twould have, in all ages, kept numbers from
 hell—

For he who his God will for lucre betray,
 Will scarcely enjoy Him in regions of day.
 This night, you to all, should a parable be,
 Who think not, in time, of preparing for me.
 For you're like the thousands, that squander their
 time,

And fear not my visit, while sporting in crime.
 Regardless of danger, their time cast away,
 Plunge deeper in guilt, and conversion delay.
 In vain they're admonished, by seeing a friend,
 To the grave, tho' their junior, untimely descend ;
 They still by their treasons, their Maker defy,
 Until, unprepared, by me cited to die.
 Without preparation, or time to repent,
 In dread and confusion to justice they're sent !
 In what consternation must such men appear,
 Before Him, Whose precepts they trampled on
 here ?

What horror, in judgment, must sinners display,
 When long-slighted mercy to justice gives way ?
 The Judge with a frown, like a thunder-cloud's
 gloom,

In accents terrific, pronounces their doom !
 Which is, without hope of redemption, to go
 Where flames never quench, to the regions of woe !
 And where the damned angels the souls will torment,

That will not, in season, sincerely repent.
 Then hurried in triumph, by each sneering fiend,
 To thirst taunts and tortures, that never will end !
 Can you, without pity, these wretches behold,
 Who have, for mere trifles, their happiness sold ?
 And bartered for pleasures, that leave but a sting,
 The glory they'd share with their Maker and
 King !

While sleepless remorse, with her merciless fangs,
 Increases their tortures, and sharpens their pangs,
 And worse, without respite, to suffer these pains,
 In flames and remorse, while the Deity reigns !

POET.

My spirit recoils at the picture you drew,
 And which ev'ry sinner with terror may view
 Your frightful description, as now understood,
 Convulses my members, and freezes my blood !
 And as for instruction that truism's giv'n
 How few shall inherit the kingdom of heav'n ?

DEATH.

The man, who to vain, guilty pleasures is tied,
 Will count him a foe who his errors will chide--(u)
 But how can the sinner expect to be saved,
 Whose soul, heart & morals, are doubly depraved?
 Contemns his Creator—makes void, by his guilt,
 The blood his Redeemer on Calvary spilt!
 Indulges in each flagrant vice that he can,
 So hateful to God, and disgusting to man.
 And still plunging deeper in guilt ev'ry day,
 Till I be commissioned to snatch him away.
 Without hesitation, I bury my dart
 In his sin-fostered, long-depraved, obdurate heart!
 Then hurried to judgment, whence mercy is flown,
 No subterfuge left but strict justice alone!
 The volume is opened, where plainly appear,
 The numberless crimes he was guilty of here.
 Each sin, the most trifling, is registered there,
 Devoid of one blot, by repentance sincere.
 The loved, guilty pleasures, that led him astray,
 Now stand his accusers in frightful array.
 His just condemnation, too plainly he sees—
 When by the Judge startled, by accents like these—
 “Depart, wicked sinner,—In hell to receive
 Your meed, for th’ abuse of each gift that I gave!
 By baptism first, as a Christian enrolled,
 And brought pure, and spotless, a lamb to my fold!

(u) Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? Gal. iv. 16.

And gave you the light of my Gospel to guide,
 Which worsethana Pagan, you strovetoderide. (v)
 I left you my Church, to direct you and teach,
 And gave my Anointed, t' admonish and preach;
 For their exhortations, you cared not a pin.
 But mispent my Sabbaths in revels and sin.
 In taverns and brothels blaspheming each day—
 And banished, by tippling, your reason away.
 I called you to Grace, but you proudly denied—
 My mercy you slighted—My vengeance defied!
 I suffered to purchase salvation for all—
 And willing to save all who answer my call (w)
 For years, with your treasons, I patiently bore,
 Till, by your transgressions your measure flowed
 o'er!

Now mercy to justice reluctantly bends (x)
 To send you to tortures where pain never ends.
 As me you have treated with such disregard,
 There Satan your master, your deeds will reward!
 And then to perdition, by justice he's thrown,
 In endless remorse and worst tortures to groan!
 And such the sad fate of each sinner shall be,
 Who seeks not from wrath, by repentance, to flee.

(v) But if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican. Matt. xviii. 17.

(w) For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4.

(x) For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Rom. i. 18.

POET.

I always imagined, according to Paul,
 That faith in a Christian's sufficient for all; (y)
 And surely, as Jesus from Paradise came,
 That all shall be saved, who believe in His name. (z)
 While others contend, that good works are but
 stuff,
 As faith in the loving Redeemer's enough. (a)
 Faith, working by charity, certainly will
 The will of the Deity strictly fulfil. (b)

DEATH.

I freely acknowledge, that doctrine is good,
 And true as the Gospel, when well understood.
 Faith working by *love*, on the Gospel's plain plan,
 Will break not a precept of God nor of man. (c)
 When man loves his Maker, he will not offend—
 While love for his neighbour will make him his
 friend.

(y) That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. Rom. x. 9.

(z) Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. Acts xvi. 31.

(a) He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, for the wrath of God abideth on him. John iii. 36.

(b) For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.

(c) Jesus saith unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. Matt. xxii. 37.

And if you had faith that could mountains remove,
 You're counted a cypher if wanting that love. (d)
 And as for those works, which you foolishly feign,
 To be of no value, salvation to gain—

If such be but useless, say why was it said ?
 To work out salvation by trembling and dread (e)
 That Being unchanged, Who from truth cannot
 stray (f)

Nor e'er let His word unfulfilled pass away—(g)
 Repeatedly ordered, by His blessed Son,
 And by His Apostles, such works to be done. (h)
 If faith be sufficient to save with His blood,
 Why promise rewards for such works, if not
 good ? (i)

(d) —And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

(e) Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Phil. ii. 12.

(f) God is not a man, that he should lie ; neither the son of man, that he should repent ; hath he not said, and shall he not do it ? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good ? Num. xxiii. 19: And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent ; for he is not a man that he should repent. 1 Sam. xv. 29.

(g) Heaven and earth shall pass away ; but my words shall not pass away. Luke xxi. 33.

(h) Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

(i) For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels ; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Matt. xvi. 27.

Or has the Redeemer men ordered in vain,
 To keep His commandments, salvation to gain? (k)
 And has not th' Apostle as plainly explained,
 That men to *good works*, not to *faith*, were or-
 dained? (l)

And since 'tis by *works* that a man's justified, (m)
 Say, why in *faith only*, so strongly confide?

As a lifeless body, th' Apostle has said,
 That faith without works is as certainly dead. (n)
 'Tis not from *belief*, but faith working by love,
 Proceed these good works, of which God will ap-
 prove.

When faith works with charity, works will succeed,
 To which the Redeemer has promised the meed.
 Say, what can faith profit, to him that's depraved,
 When even the righteous will scarcely be saved? (o)
 And each idle word, that ye vainly drop here,
 Will that day, of judgment, against you appear! (p)

(k) And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. Matt. xix. 17.

(l) For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. Ephes. ii. 10.

(m) Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only. James ii. 24.

(n) But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also. James ii. 26, 26.

(o) And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? 1 Peter iv. 18.

(p) But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. Luke xxii. 36.

And man, by his works, must that trial abide—(q)
Then *love*, and not *faith*, his transgressions will
hide. (r)

Can faith then, on which you now solely depend,
Without *works* and *charity*, act as your friend?

POET.

Your words almost leave my soul in despair,
To think how can mortals for judgment prepare!
Or how can the sinner be e'er justified
When ev'ry small crime's with such scrutiny
tried?

If we for salvation have no better plan,
Both mercy and hope are but doubtful to man!
If back to the *law*, and its *works*, we be led,
Thé blood of the Lamb was but uselessly shed!

DEATH.

The plan of salvation most grandly was laid,
And plain to each mortal by Wisdom was made.
Christ's blood was shed freely, for all Adam's race,
That answer His call, and will profit by grace. (s)

(q) And I saw the dead small and great stand before God - and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. Rev. xx. 12, 13.

(r) And, above all things, have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins. 1 Peter iv. 8.

(s) For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4.

And if they, thro' weakness, from righteousness
stray,

And, with true repentance, for mercy to pray—
With heart-felt contrition, for pardon to call,
His mercy will grant the remission of all ! (t)
Then God, with delight, will the sinner forgive, (u)
Blot out his transgressions, and bid him to live (v)
Whenever the sinner repents of his crimes,
He forgives not once only, but numberless times,
(w)

Then why should the sinner of mercy despair ?
God's yoke is not heavy, but easy to bear. (x)
But the hardened sinner, who cares not a straw,
For promise or threat, but despises God's law ;

(t) Come now. and let us reason together, saith the Lord :
Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as
snow ; and though they be red as crimson, they shall be as
wool. Isai. i. 18. Let the wicked forsake his way, and
the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return
unto the Lord ; and he will have mercy upon him : and to
our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Isai. lv. 7.

(u) I say unto you, That likewise joy shall be in heaven
over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and
nine just persons, which need no repentance. Luke xv. 7.

(v) Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I
have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the
wicked turn from his way and live : turn ye, turn ye from
your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel ?
Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

(w) Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft
shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? till
seven times. Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee,
until seven times ; but until seventy times seven. Matt.
xviii. 21, 22.

(x) For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. Matt,
xi. 30.

And to his last moments each call will reject, (y)
 From justice offended, can't mercy expect. (z)
 And, by his impenitence, Him will defy,
 Whose mercy regrets that the wicked should die. (a)
 How dare wicked mortals against Him rebel,
 Who, for one transgression, sent th' angels to
 hell? (b)

Should not wicked sinners consider in time,
 Petition for Grace, and forsake ev'ry crime?
 And think of that Being, Whose power Divine,
 The Sun brought from nothing, with glory to
 shine!

In air, by His wisdom, self-balanced this globe,
 Left richly arrayed in an emerald robe.
 Their course for the planets judiciously planned—
 And wisely divided the water from land.
 The feathered-tribe, fishes, and quadrupeds made—
 And ordered the seasons to blossom and fade.

(y) Then shall they cry unto the Lord, but he will not hear them, he will even hide his face from them at that time, as they have behaved themselves ill in their doings. Micah iii. 4.

(z) And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity: I will recompense thee according to thy ways and thine abominations that are in the midst of thee; and ye shall know that I am the Lord that smiteth. Ezek. vii. 9.

(a) For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye. Ezek. xviii. 32. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Peter iii. 9.

(b) For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them in the chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment. 2 Peter ii. 4.

Made man in His likeness, immortal in soul,
 And left him, unrivalled the lord of the whole !
 With reason, 'twixt evil and good to descry,
 And all things in plenty, his wants to supply.
 And left him completely unshackled in will,
 For his greater merit, to choose good or ill.
 And when from his Maker, th' ingrate fell away,
 His Son took man's nature his ransom to pay ;
 His blood, for redemption, on Calvary poured,
 And man, by His death, to God's favour restored.
 Then say what ingratitude—malice propense—
 And madness impels you, that Goodness t' in-
 cense ?

Tho' man boasts of reason, we frequently see,
 That brutes have, by instinct, more reason than he.
 The end for which destined, the brute will fulfil,
 While man, by transgression's, defeating it still--
 Indulges in pleasures, no passion restrains—
 And forfeits God's glory, for hell's endless pains !
 While lashed by his conscience, and tortured in
 mind,

He finds that such pleasures leave adders behind--
 A foretaste of what he'll hereafter endure,
 When bliss, by repentance, he will not secure.
 Let all, who've arrived at the province of sense,
 Now profit, in season, at such men's expense !
 And still, to th' Almighty, most fervently pray,
 'To be thro' existence, their Helper and Stay.

And that, by His grace, they may always elude
 These errors, that mortals from glory exclude. (c)
 And, if by temptations, they grievously fall,
 That, by their repentance, He'd pardon them all—
 And that, for the sake of the blood of His Son,
 He'd give them His grace, with such crimes to
 have done.

All such are accepted by the Great I Am,
 Who have washed their robes in the blood of the
 Lamb. (d)

Which blood to the breast, that contrition will
 know,

Thro' the proper channels, like unction will flow—
 And purge from each guilt, that the soul stigma-
 tized,

And leave them as pure as the infant baptized.
 That bosom feels gladness—more pleasure untold,
 Than if 'twas possest of earth's jewels and gold.
 For no real pleasures are tasted below,
 But what thro' the channels of godliness flow—
 Produced by Religion, and fostered by Love,
 They give a foretaste of the Glory above—

(c) Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Gal. v. 19, 20, 21.

(d) —And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

Thrice happy are they, who such pleasures will
choose,

And not, for a trifle, salvation to lose—

Faith, works, hope and charity, leave *such* to be
In friendship with God, and still ready for me!

You've now heard enough, to illumine the mind
(Of any, excepting the wilfully blind—

To such it is useless, instruct as you will,

As always the wicked do wickedly still. (e)

Much time have I wasted—which seldom I do—

So now I shall finish—by finishing you !!!”

His grin grew more ghastly—He brandished his
dart—

I trembled with terror, which caused me to start!

I then from my slumber awoke with a scream,

And gladly discovered that 'twas but a *Dream* !!

But all that the spectre has seemed to have said,

On me such a lasting impression has made—

And whether augmented by fancy or fear,

That still, like a tocsin it sounds in my ear !

Which makes me imagine the vision was sent,

As a friendly warning to make me repent.

Then grant, O Almighty ! that I may attend

To each admonition, Thy mercy may send !

And if I the precincts of *right* go beyond,

That I to the call of repentance respond ;

(e) Many shall be purified and made white, and tried ;
but the wicked shall do wickedly : and none of the wicked
shall understand ; but the wise shall understand. Daniel,
xii. 10.

And be, by confession, to Thee reconciled, (f)
 And, by true contrition, restored as Thy child.
 And that I may allthings that anger Thee shun,
 Thro' grace, and the life-giving blood of thy Son!
 And that I may always, without a mistake,
 Love Thee, and my neighbour, for Thy blessed
 sake.

And if that in error my brother I see,
 To judge him not rashly, but leave him to Thee (g)
 And when Thou wilt pardon, and bid me to live,
 Let me all my debtors as freely forgive. (h)
 Let pride not excite me 'gainst Thee to rebel,
 But strive by religion my passions to quell.
 For Thy blessed kingdom to forfeit by sin,
 As nothing polluted shall enter therein. (i)

(f) If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John i. 8, 9.

(g) Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Matt. vii. 1. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth; yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand. Rom. xiv. 4.

(h) But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. Matt. vi. 15. For he shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment. James ii. 13.

(i) And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Rev. xxi. 27.

Keep me, by Thy mercy and grace, from the
pow'r

Of him who Thy creatures would gladly devour. (k)

By meekness and piety, keep me in awe,

Of e'er giving scandal, by breaking Thy law. (l)

And that I may always be rendered Thy care,

Let me be, with fervour, unceasing in pray'r. (m)

And that, by example, I others incite,

To shun what is evil, and follow what's right. (n)

And still grant me patience, when tried by a loss,

And, like the Apostle to pride in the Cross. (o)

And, for my best actions, from pride to be free,

By still giving justly the glory to Thee.

(k) Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. 1 Peter v. 8.

(l) Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven : but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v. 19.

(m) Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation : the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. Mat. xxvi. 41. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints. Ephes. vi. 18. Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. Col. iv. 2. Pray without ceasing. 1 Thes. v. 17. And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint. Luke xviii. 1.

(n) Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

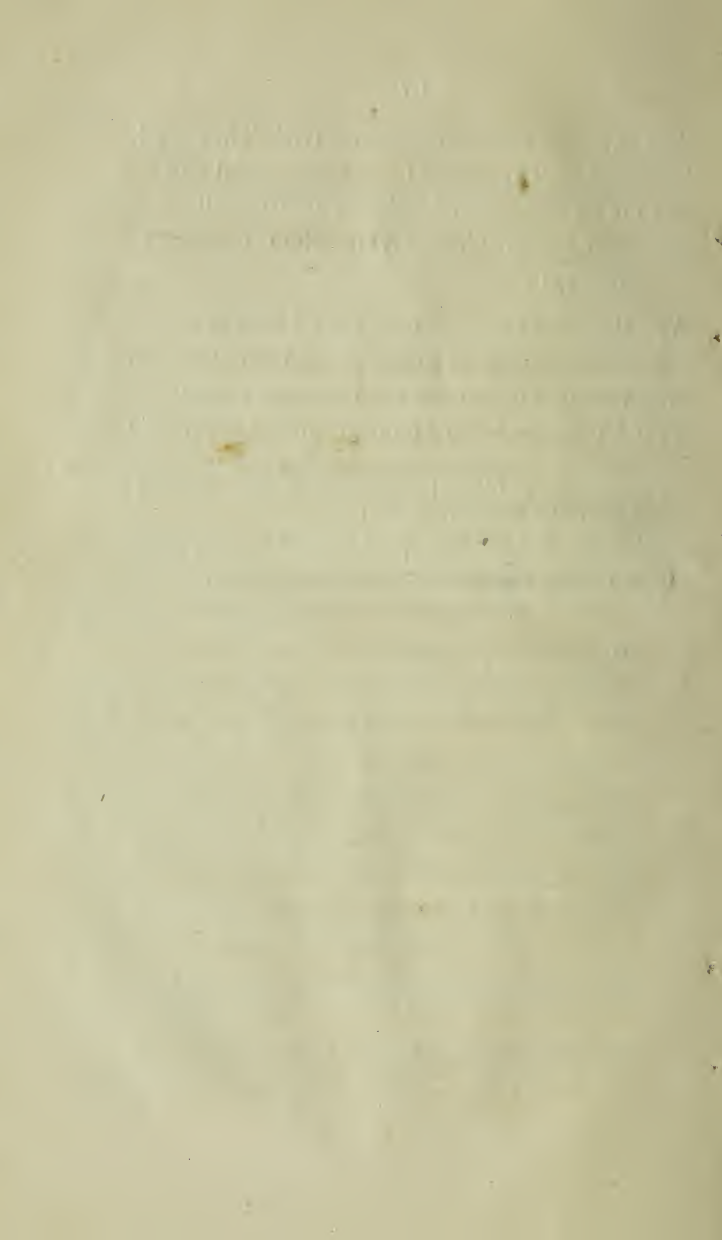
(o) But God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I to the world. Gal. vi. 14.

And if, in Thy goodness, sharp trials Thou send,
 Ordained by Thy wisdom, for some useful end,
 Let me be submissive, resigned to Thy will,
 As those whom Thou lovest Thou chastenest
 still. (p)

And that in Thy service my days I may spend,
 And strengthened by grace, persevere to the end.
 And still in Thy praises my moments employ,
 That I may the meed of the righteous enjoy! (q)

(p) As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten : be zealous therefore, and repent. Rev. iii. 19.

(q) But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, 1 Cor. ii. 9.



THE

Author's Tour of Book-selling.

Whenever an Author will publish for gain,
 He must be to Fortune resigned,
 And like a true Stoic prepared to sustain
 The insolent taunts of mankind.

He cannot expect that, while striving to sell,
 His path will with roses be strewed ;
 For shortly he can, by experience, tell,
 That he cannot insults elude.

When he comes in contact with that motley crowd,
 Where Fortune her gifts has misplaced,
 He meets with the ignorant, selfish and proud,
 As well as with learning and taste.

If for patronage he to the learned apply,
 At least, he'll civility find ;
 Tho' they, for some reason, to purchase deny,
 Their answer is courteous and kind.

Altho' we have scholars, whose learning's but
 crude,

Tho' they thro' its labyrinths ran,
 And yet in their language and manners are rude--
 'Tis breeding must polish the man !

For I've met with some, on my Book-selling tour,
 Who deigned to converse at their doors,
 And trumpet-tongued, loudly would talk of their
 lore,

Yet rough in their manners as boors !

I next may apply to men favoured with taste,
 And such are not plenty we know ;
 But whether in riches or poverty placed,
 Their innate politeness they show.

With such folk an Author is sure to succeed,
 As they are still courteous to all ;
 And always inclined to give Authors their meed,
 When they for their patronage call.

Such will, from their pittance, a moiety spare,
 To foster the children of song ;
 Who will, with their purse, hospitality share,
 To aid on life's journey along.

When Erin of lore and of song was the seat,
 Her Poets were cherished and prized ;
 And would, from her nobles, such patronage meet,
 Although they're at present despised.

But learning and taste will the Poet regard,
 Who sings in a smooth, honest strain ;
 And none will despise, or disparage the Bard,
 But the ignorant, selfish, or vain !

And wo to the Poet, who's forced to apply
 To such, his production to vend ;
 For 'tis not enough that his suit they deny,
 But offer him insults in th' end !

When I, by misfortune, am lucklessly driv'n,
 To call at the doors of the Great,
 In half-murdered English, an answer is giv'n,
 Which is but a hint to retreat.
 Elate with self-consequence—blinded by pride,
 They tauntingly eye me askew—
 In foppery's jargon, am bluntly denied,
 And treated with arrogance too.
 But as I have often, in the worst of times,
 Their most flagrant vices laid bare;
 And painted their follies, in my honest rhymes,
 I ne'er was a favourite there.
 For base adulation was never my trade,
 I scouted the thought with disdain;
 Tho' some, by that meanness, large fortunes have
 made
 By bartering conscience for gain.
 But I shall in hunger and poverty pine,
 And coffinless go to my grave,
 Before I shall pocket, by flattering whine,
 The cash of the' oppressor or knave!
 Perhaps to the door of the purse-proud I go,
 Where I oft succeed just as well;
 For ere am allowed my production to show
 I'm asked—"Pray, what goods do you sell"
 When I show my volume, 'tis pleasant, indeed,
 To hear their response,—altho' rough,—
 "I never such nonsense as poetry read,
 Nor bother my head with such stuff!"

To some would-be gentlemen, next I may hie,

In hopes I may better succeed ;

But, with few exceptions, I get this reply—

“ Indeed, I’ve no leisure to read ! ”

And as I shall always give merit its meed,

And fondly do justice to all,

I find many Shop-keepers, noble indeed,

When I for their patronage call.

Among our Mechanics, a spirit I find,

And much generosity too,

T’ encourage an Author, they’re always inclined

By ev’ry good act they can do.

Our National Teachers I cannot omit,

As I by their patronage gain—

Men, for their profession, by learning made fit,

With nothing pedantic or vain.

But for all the drudgery, they must go through,

There is not in Erin a grade,

More useful to man, in society’s view,

Nor one that so badly is paid.

In each village, city and town, in my walk,

I can of some copies dispose,

Unless in the once-famed, now worthless Dundalk,

I sell neither metre nor prose.

Discourse about learning—Of trade they complain

Or boast of their parcels or bales—

Their reading’s their Ledger, their study their
gain,

Their learning, the counter and scales !

And but for the sake of a spirited few,
 Who fondly an Author would serve,
 Without hesitation, I'd picture to view,
 What such folk so nicely deserve.—

And chiefly for CARTON, that Patriot brave,
 Who never in Tenant-right dozed—
 And th' exterminator, and place-hunting knave,
 In his honest Journal exposed.

What a contrast is seen twixt Dundalk & Ardee?
 Whose people are polished and kind;
 Enlightened by reading, high-spirited, free,
 And blest with a generous mind.

My next application to Farmers is made,
 And where to that class I am known,
 In country or city, by high or low grade,
 Such patronage seldom is shown.

Without ostentation, high-minded, not vain,
 And never to foppery bend;
 Free, affable, sensible, civil, humane,
 And foremost the Bard to befriend.

When I 'mong the Clergy for patronage seek,
 I, with some exceptions, succeed,
 And find them kind, affable, humble and meek,
 With learning from pedantry freed.

But for that high office, such men were designed,
 To be civil, humble and chaste;
 By piety softened, by learning refined,
 And polished in manners, by taste.

But how can I venture in rhyme to describe,
Or clearly exhibit to view ?

That ignorant, insolent, arrogant tribe

With which I've too often to do !

I call with the pedant, vain, empty, and proud,
A stranger, to learning profound.

Who will, in a manner, rude, pompous and loud
Whole dozens of questions propound.

But brought from the shallows of literatures shore,
And in its abyss he will sink—

And so will each half-tutoured, dabbler in lore,
Who ventured not far from its brink.

With the hyper-critic, I next must engage,

Who raves 'bout Rules, Licence, and Law ;

And ransacks, minutely, each couplet and page,
In hopes to discover a *flaw*.—

And acts like the fly, that will lightly run o'er
Each part, where the body is sound,

Avoids what is perfect—discovers the sore,
And feeds on the pus of the wound !

As Zoilus with Homer, these men act the same,
With my humble, plain, country lays ;

And rather discover one error, to blame,
Than the greatest beauties to praise.

By some luckless demon, astray I am led,
When I with a fribble will call ;

Who gladly would show me the trifle he read,
By talking 'bout nothing at all.

Then some worthless volume, gilt, lettered, well
bound,

This fribble produces in haste,
In order t' exhibit his judgment profound,
And that he has reading and taste.

But Homer himself, of all Poets the king,
Whose numbers unrivalled must please,
Could not, for the best of his poetry, wring
So much as a shilling from these !

While I on this tour thro' society pass,
Prepared for smooth treatment and rough,
I constantly meet, in each country and class,
With worthless curmudgeons enough.

I call, I'm perceived, he's instantly caged ;
And then Mr. Gripus to screen—
“ He's absent ”—“ he's busy ”—“ at present en-
gaged,
“ And cannot by any be seen ! ”

Such flimsy excuses, and yet so adroit,
Are beggarly, heartless, and cold ;
And yet, ere the miser would part with a doit,
A thousand such lies would be told.

Am not such a miserly lover of pelf,
That I would be willing to see
A man, for my sake, inconvenience himself,
In order to purchase from me.

I'm licenced, by custom, to call at each place,
Where hope points, t' accomplish my ends ;
And for a refusal, that comes with a grace,
We never shall be the worse friends.

I meet with some coxcombs, in towns I resort,
 But still least in number are they,
 Who think with the feelings of Poets to sport,
 And then laugh the insult away.

But Poets, when angered, are much like the wasp,
 Still ready assailants to sting ;
 And can, with their satire, torment like the asp,
 When urged by aggressors to sing.

But now let such foplings take warning in time,
 And Bards let in future alone ;
 Unless they may fancy, in the sharpest rhyme,
 To have their true characters shown !

And here in conclusion, I swear by my wreath,
 Which now, alas! fastly decays,
 That I meet no county to equalize Meath,
 Nor people more worthy of praise.

They're Patriots,—generous, frank and sincere,
 Respectful and friendly to me—
 With these I shall only, and justly compare,
 The spirited folk of Ardee!

I bid for the present, my readers farewell !
 And hint, as I finish my strain,
 That foplings shall surely have something to tell,
 Who'll tamper with Poets again.

TO MR. S— C—.

The following Piece was written a few years past, in reply to a letter received by the Author from Mr S— C—, congratulating him on his recovery from a dangerous and protracted illness. That letter contained some matter on religious topics ; together with a lock of Mr C—'s hair, and to which the Author returned the following answer.

Hygeia, dear Stafford, by mending my breath,
Has promised a short, doubtful respite from death ;
Tho' age and infirmity frankly declare—
That such, at this juncture, is nought but a snare.
A practiced delusion, by Satan designed,
To warp from its long-settled purpose my mind.
For since this last warning by Heaven was sent,
On God, and God only, my thinking was bent ;
And found myself ready, nay, willing to go
To Him, Who has suffered to save me from wo.
And why of that state now destroy all the fruits,
By wishing to change it for wordly pursuits ?
Besides, ev'ry hope I should prudently spurn,
Which whispers " that strength, at my age, would
return."

For seventy-two Summers, by date, I am told,
Have into the gulf of eternity rolled ;

Since on life's theatre I made my *debut*,
 The false, checkered scenes of existence to view.
 From childhood to youth, and from manhood to
 age,

I saw many changes on that busy stage ;
 And like ev'ry Player, each act I have tried,
 In Pleasure, Ambition, Amusement, and Pride.
 I gratified passion, to solace the mind,
 But still found a sting in my conscience behind !
 And when, by satiety, passion was cloyed,
 I still in my bosom discovered a void—
 And that craving void, revelation has shown,
 Can only be filled by Religion alone !

Hail, matchless Religion ! To thee mortals owe
 What they of their Maker and Saviour know !
 It points out by Whom our existence was giv'n,
 And how, by transgression, we forfeited heav'n.
 And how, when in Eden, our forefather fell,
 Himself and his offspring condemned were to
 hell !

Till God, the Redeemer, thro' love came on earth,
 And took, from a Virgin, our nature and birth ;
 To suffer, like mortals, privations and grief,
 And then, on a gibbet, to die like a thief !
 His blood to His Father, a ransom He gave,
 From certain perdition His creature to save !
 Entitled each mortal to be His co-heir,
 His dearly-bought glory for ever to share
 The road to that glory Religion has shewn,
 Fromwhich if we wander, the fault is our own.

And how on our journey on *that* must depend,
 Our bliss everlasting or wo in the end !
 And see the conditions, how easy and plain,
 Whose simple fulfilment that glory will gain—
 “ Love God and your neighbour,” and all things
 beside,

Are to these short precepts so closely allied,
 That those to Religion have little pretence,
 Who do not fulfil, to the letter, their sense.—
 While their strict observance, on the Gospel plan,
 Fulfils all the precepts of God and of man ;
 And if true Religion we take for our guide
 Devoid of hypocrisy, bigotry, pride,
 Self-interest, prejudice, fashion, or gain,
 We shall, by these precepts, salvation obtain.
 But mark ! my dear Stafford, no good can be done,
 Without God’s free Grace, and true Faith in His
 Son ;

And then that true Faith, opperating by love,
 Produces good works, of which God will approve ;
 And which are conducive the sinner to save,—
 The Lord, thereby crowning the gift which He
 gave.—

For ’tis by his works, if we Scripture regard,
 That man shall be judged and receive his reward .
 But this long digression, you’ll pardon my friend,
 So foreign to taste, and unguardedly penned ;
 But I, from my subject, am oft led astray,
 Whenever Theology crosses my way.
 But as my opinion you earnestly ask,
 I candidly give it. nor shrink from the task.

From reading I pen, and experience too,
 These ill-written couplets I'm sending to you.
 For still, in Religion, a refuge I find,
 From all that can trouble the body or mind.
 When friendless, neglected, poor, feeble and old,
 Abandoned by friends, and relations grow cold;
 Loss, crosses, misfortunes and sickness invade,
 And all earthly hopes to despondency fade;
 Religion steps forward, and points to that prize,
 Which God has prepared for the just in the skies—
 Which more consolation affords to the soul,
 Than all the earth's riches from centre to pole!
 It shows that hereafter, when trials shall cease,
 And troubles be ended in Glory and Peace.
 You ask my opinion of th' infidel Paine—
 Let his "Age of Reason" the matter explain!
 He had no pretence to what *learning* we call,
 Nor had he Religion nor Genius at all.
 He had with low cunning, assurance and pride,
 With tact and some talents, which he misapplied.
 But what shall we think of Hobbs, Gibbon and
 Hume,
 Whose bosoms Religion could never illumine?
 Such men, e'en by reason, cannot be excused,
 Who judgement perverted, and learning abused;
 And like their French neighbours, Rousseau and
 Voltaire,
 Who mocked Revelation and died in despair!
 Of Scripture made sport—a hereafter denied
 And mysteries all, by Philosophy tried.—

But now, that hereafter they find to their cost,
 When sorrow is late, and salvation is lost !
 But grant us, Jehovah, thro' life to pursue
 That path, which leads mortals directly to You.
 And never, by guilt, from that precept to fall,
 On which hang the Bible, Law, Prophets & all—
 Which is, that no reader may make a mistake,
 To love our Creator and man for His sake !
 From what I have written, you're not to surmise,
 That I am impeccable pious and wise—
 But no—as the truth I have always confest,
 I still feel the *rebel* alive in my breast—
 And if his false dictates I check not by Grace,
 I oft my Redeemer would beard to His face,
 I always, by nature, had passions as strong,
 As the lawless torrent that rushes along—
 Which often required grace, reason and soul,
 With shame and decorum, their force to controul.
 A pride was predominant still in the group,
 'That never allowed me to meanness to stoop.
 I was not vindictive, nor selfish, 'tis true,
 Nor treachery, cunning, nor bigotry knew.
 I never could malice for injuries owe—
 Nor cringe for a favour to crony or foe.
 I hated the hypocrite, sycophant, knave,
 And held in abhorrence the time-serving slave ;
 But was by Religion and Charity freed
 From hatred to man, for opinion or creed ;

I still, like St. Ambrose, felt something within,
 That felt for the sinner, while hating the sin.
 But most of these passions are now overruled,
 If not by Religion, by age they are cooled.
 Henceforth with all mortals, in peace I shall live,
 Unless provocation past bearing they give.
 When Poets get favours, they're always inclined,
 T' apply to the Muse to repay them in kind ;
 And as they have little, save rhyme, to bestow,
 For few can be poorer than Poets, you know.
 As one of the number I think it high time
 That I, for your *token*, should thank you in rhyme.
 Nor can I once doubt that your friendship's sin-
 cere,

Who've sent such a *gift* as your beautiful hair !
 The locks of Euphorbas, which Poets declare,
 That even the Graces most proudly might wear—
 Nor those, which the head of Medusa did deck—
 Nor those, which in ringlets graced Helen's fair
 neck—

Nor those, of Bernicé, so famous of yore—
 Nor that, which the Baron from Belinda bore—
 Could ever your highly-prized ringlet outvie,
 For rich, glossy fineness or beauty of dye !
 This much valued token, shall safely descend.
 To moulder to dust in the grave with your friend.
 I know, by this hotch-potch, I have you fatigued—
 And if not disgusted, at least you are plagued.
 Yet trust your good nature will kindly excuse,
 The feeble attempt of a bed-ridden Muse,

Which now, like myself, is old, peevish and grey,
 Unfit, and unwilling to polish a lay.
 For lately, because she was hindred to carp,
 She broke half the strings in my old crazy harp!
 But I have endeavoured to patch them anew,
 To send this Epistle in metre to you—
 And gratitude only, could coax her to send
 So worthless a piece, to so worthy a friend.

THOUGHTS ON IRELAND.

Part of the following Piece was published, as an Enigma, in one of the Dublin Almanacs for 1820. But the Author has since retouched it, and now, for the first time, gives the whole to the Public.

When I behold poor Erin's fate,
 Her countless wrongs—her sufferings great—
 Her humbled pride—her ruined state,
 And wailings laughed to scorn!
 Her long, but bootless struggles braved—
 Her wealth consumed—her sons enslaved,
 Unpitied, taunted, and deceived,
 With grief my heart is torn!
 Whene'er I read in Ossian's lays,
 Of what she was in former days,
 And hear her hero's candid praise
 By that great Poet sung.—

Her honest Rulers' upright ways—
 Her plenty, wealth, and grandeur's blaze,
 Compared to what she now displays,

My bosom's core is wrung !
 When Temor was a royal seat,
 Where Con and Cormac ruled in state,
 And many a monarch, good and great,

Then Erin's sceptre swayed—
 And Parliaments, a princely throng,
 Whose acts shall ever live in song,
 The people to protect from wrong
 Still wholesome statutes made.

When Lochlin's hordes, a savage host,
 Of numbers made an empty boast,
 Determined, Erin's fertile coast,

To tinge with native gore !
 But soon her gallant sons appear,
 To make them rue their visit here,
 For Fingal's sword and Ullin's spear,
 Among them spread defeat and fear,
 And drove them back like hunted deer,
 Nor left enough their barks to steer

To their unpeopled shore.
 Again they come—again to flight
 They're put, in Clontarf's bloody fight,
 Where Brian's skill and Morrough's might,
 Made thousands bite the plain.—

Then let Dundalk in triumph tell,
 How Sitric, Tor, and Magnus fell—
 Where slaughter raged, with stroke and yell,
 And death alone could hatred quell—
 Till Irish valour did expel

The fierce, invading Dane !
 But when curst lust and thirst of pow'r,
 Spread discord, in an evil hour,
 The strength of Erin to devour,

By means of foreign aid.—
 When, void of policy and thought,
 The English were by Dermot brought ;
 Who through revenge their succour sought,
 And their assistance dearly bought—
 Then Erin's sons 'gainst Erin fought,

Which made her glories fade !
 Now blood th' invaders' footsteps stains
 With the barbarity of Danes—
 With all their plunder-loaded wains,
 From smoking towns and ravaged plains,
 By sacrilege and ruined fanes,

And spoils from altars torn !
 For Erin's children, 'twas but vain
 To Saxon spoilers to complain,
 Who throve on their ill-gotton gain,
 Until by fraud they forged the chain,
 Which Erin since has worn.

Then broken treaties, plunder, death,
Deceit and violated faith ;

Like desolation's baleful breath,

Spread ruin o'er the Isle !

While plots, divisions, murders, force,

And confiscations came of course,

Which were of beggary the source—

While man did man beguile !

Religion, elsewhere always bland,

In Erin was a flaming brand,

Which kindled discord in the land,

To consummate its wo !

Her heartless rulers fanned the fire,

And made the son supplant the sire ;

Nor did her persecutors tire,

Of giving the informer's hire,

To kill, or make her Priests retire,

To make her ancient Faith expire,

As Erin's Records show.

Proud England, since 'against justice steeled,

Would not the rights of Erin yield,

For her tho' many a hard-fought field

By Irish blood was bought !

Oft, from Columbia's distant strands,

And wealthy India's fertile lands ;

Nay, e'en from Afric's sultry sands,

Poor Erin's true, intrepid bands

To England laurels brought.

Behold the field of Waterloo !
 And Erin's sons with wonder view !
 Their swords the foes of Britain hew,
 And with their blood the ground embrue—
 The crimsoned earth with carnage strew—
 And tho' out-numbered, yet subdued
 Each column, line, and square !
 And e'en when hemmed on either flank,
 Their native courage never sank—
 While thro' each thick, opposing rank,
 Their grating bay'nets tear.
 Famed Salamanca saw their might—
 And in Toulouse, with pale affright,
 They put their Gallic foes to flight—
 And in Vittoria's stubborn fight,
 In Jourdan's and in Joseph's sight,
 They proved their overthrow !
 In Talavera vanquished quite—
 And on Barrossa's blood-stained height,
 Where Achilles, in armour bright,
 Could not more valour show.—
 In vain the Gallic cannon roar—
 In vain their balls spill floods of gore—
 Thro' ranks of death their way they tore—
 Scattered like birds their bravest corps—
 Till they, in triumph, bravely bore,
 Their eagle from the foe !

But after all they did in Spain,
 Poor Erin's left to hug her chain—
 Our Rulers by her losses gain,
 And by divisions rule maintain—
 But she, I hope, can't long remain

In these disgraceful bands !
 A Ministry humane and kind,
 That shall to justice be inclined,
 An honest Parliament shall find,
 Those rusty fetters to unbind—
 And such an Act has Heaven designed

For George's royal hands !
 And may we live to see that day,
 Which soon shall chase each broil away—
 Then concord's sun, with brightest ray,
 Shall gild the happy Isle !

And what has caused our Country's wo,
 May we, in future, never know,
 But in its stead may plenty flow,
 And union ever smile !

The answer to the Enigma, attached to the
 foregoing Piece, was *Dissension*.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

The Author at one time happened with a fracture in his leg, and a dislocation in his knee, which kept him confined to the house for several months. A gentleman, whose name delicacy obliges him to conceal, though now no more, sent him a valuable present, in such a delicate manner, that the most finely-strung feelings could accept of it without being hurt. That confinement gave birth to several Pieces, and among the rest the following.

'Twixt visitors, Doctors, and hunters of news,
I had not this season, one spur from the Muse !
For she is capricious, like cronies we know,
Who, where they're least wanted, will favours
bestow,

And show formal friendship, till want will invade,
They then keep their distance—You're done with,
their aid !

My Muse, in like manner, her aid seldom deigns
To me, since thus tortured by fractures and pains !
But now for one favour the *hussy* I woo,
In hopes that she'd gingle this letter to you.
I need not describe, as already you know
Of that late misfortune which left me so low ;
In this single hemistie all may be stated—
Th' ostellum was broken, the knee dislocated !
Which cost, beside torture, more money and time,
Than I can presume to describe in my rhyme !

By Quacks and by Doctors I was well attended,
 Until they perceived that my cash was expended;
 They then quickly left me, and left my poor bone,
 To either get better or let it alone!!

But I, with no justice, of such can complain,
 Who study their useful profession for gain;
 And who, are like Lawyers, by interest swayed,
 And render small service, unless amply paid.

But chiefly of those, from whom I'd expect
 Some tokens of friendship, I met but neglect.
 For when in the sunshine of fortune I basked,
 I often bestowed many favours unasked—

For if on a friend I saw poverty press,
 I ne'er hesitated to succour distress—

And let my possessions be ever so scant,
 I still interposed between merit and want.

But when fickle fortune, with a sullen frown,
 To hated dependence had hurled me down;
 Then some, who I often materially served,
 From friendship & gratitude shamefully swerved!
 Instead of being generous, grateful, or kind,
 Among my acquaintance, were farthest behind.
 Of friends, while I prospered, whole dozens I found,
 But soon as dame fortune malignantly frowned,
 They left me to buffet, as well as I could,
 The menacing waves of adversity's flood.
 They'd call in, for shame sake, if passing the way,
 And formally ask—"How's the Poet to day?"

But such sordid wretches I treat with disdain,
 Whose motives are selfish—whose idol is gain !
 A mean, cringing, flattering, time-serving race,
 Who'd barter, for lucre, religion and grace !
 A worthless, designing, unprincipled set,
 Who'd hazard salvation for what they could get.
 No ray of pure friendship its vigour imparts,
 To warm their cold, flinty, pitiless hearts.
 Like crocodile's tears, or the leer of the knave,
 They smile to inveigle, and crouch to deceive !
 Such griping curmudgeons, and all of their kind,
 I pitch to oblivion—never to find !
 But do not imagine, in any degree,
 That all friends and cronies are censured by me.
 Forbid it, that I should such wretches compare
 To those, who in friendship are always sincere !
 And nobly display, without tinsel or art,
 That generous friendship which flows from the
 heart ;
 And still sympathize in the woes of another,
 And in his distress act the part of a brother.
 For if, on life's voyage, their friend should be
 cast
 On poverty's shore, by adversity's blast,
 To that dreary region, they hasten to bring
 A soul-soothing draught from sweet sympathy's
 spring,
 To banish distress, and his anguish t' allay,
 Until he refit in prosperity's bay !

From friendship's rich storehouse, each want is
supplied

Till he again float upon fortune's spring-tide !

Of such valued friends, I still number a few,

And one of the best I have met with in you !

And what leaves your kindness so deeply imprest,

By gratitude's hand, on the core of my breast,

Is that noble manner in which 'twas conveyed,

Without ostentation or pompous parade—

But generous, delicate, secret, unsought,

And timely applied, as a friend's ever ought !

Tho' I'm neither saucy, nor vanity's heir,

Of my disposition too well you're aware—

And that an no egotist, must be allowed,

Nor foolishly foppish, fastidious nor proud.

And yet, thro' existence, unhappily curst

With a mind, for dependence that's truly the
worst !

Which never allowed me to mortal to bend,

In my greatest want, for one lucrative end.

I'd be as a pauper, in Workhouse enrolled,

And suffer privations in hunger and cold ;

And eke out existence in life-wasting grief,

Much rather than cringe to the proud for relief.

But you have my feelings so visibly spared,

That I have your bounty unblushingly shared.

The *gift* was enhanced by your delicate taste,

Which each obligation and compliment chased.

For which may Jehovah, Who amply repays,

Such goodness with profit, long prosper your days !

And may His best blessings still daily attend,
 Thro' life's checkered journey, on my worthy
 friend ;
 Whose kindness shall bind me in gratitude's
 chains,
 While life's ruddy current shall flow thro' the
 veins of &—

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Whene'er the Bard, who scribbles not for fame,
 Makes sterling worth the subject of his theme ;
 Such as a Lady, who's endowed with sense,
 Wit, virtue, beauty, youth and innocence—
 The arching brow, chaste look and forehead high,
 The ruby lip, white neck and sparkling eye—
 The snowy bosom, and the breath's perfume,
 And on the cheek the rose and lily's bloom,
 The form majestic, and the matchless face,
 And richly gifted with each mental grace,
 And ev'ry charm that captivates the view—
 The whole of which so brightly shine in you !
 Then why the Muses for assistance teaze,
 When you're the subject of his honest lays ?
 But think not, Madam, that I shall disgrace
 My candid Muse, by adulation base—
 Or that I shall from truth or justice swerve,
 Or give to any but what they deserve.

I seek no interest—no favour claim,
 And have but friendship as my only aim.
 And when in you I such good nature find,
 Such condescension--such a cultured mind.
 Such pleasing sweetness, sense, and modest air,
 Tho' placed by fortune in a higher sphere,
 Than the poor Poet -- yet your talents rare,
 Your polished manners, and your heart sincere,
 And sweet, good nature, tell me once for all,
 That you're alive to friendship's sacred call—
 Which call has often, in this checkered vale,
 Left Bards and Princes on an equal scale—
 And now, by which, I trust you'll condescend,
 The Bard to honour, by the name of friend !
 And here, as such, I honestly intend
 To offer counsel, which cannot offend.
 Tho' I'm aware, the task's extremely nice,
 To give a Lady a sincere advice.
 For if capricious, foolish, proud, or vain,
 She often treats your counsel with disdain.
 And if a prude, in self-conceit she's wise,
 And will each counsel but her own despise.
 If she be giddy, counsel seldom sways,
 Unless you flatter with dishonest praise.
 But if morose, or what we perverse call,
 She rarely deigns to hear advice at all.
 Chide some for follies, or dissuade from crime,
 And you but lose their friendship and your time.

But still the sensible and docile few,
 Will take advice, and thank you for it too.
 To one like you, possess of stirling sense,
 A friendly counsel cannot give offence.
 And as my lines are not designed to vex
 The kindest, sweetest, fairest of her sex;
 Without reserve, my subject I'll pursue,
 And write as freely as I think to you.
 Imprimis you, who are with talents blest,
 Of breeding, beauty, and of wit possess,
 Will from our sex, as compliments, still hear
 But adulation sounding in your ear.
 And as your sex our best attention claim,
 Beneath the veil of that respect, we frame
 A wiley snare, by which th' unthinking maid
 Is oft to ruin foolishly betrayed.
 Designing villains practise ev'ry art,
 To captivate the virgin's guileless heart;
 Will solemn vows and protestations make,
 And even oaths, which they intend to break;
 Until they gain her boundless confidence—
 Then basely trifle with her innocence!
 Pretending lovers, by sligh looks and sighs,
 Affect to speak the language of the eyes—
 In softest accents, counterfeited well,
 They praise your beauty, and their passion tell.
 But these observe with vigilance and care,
 Be ever cautious, and of such aware;

With cool civility still keep aloof,
 Till of their candour you have better proof.
 But, above all, the upstart fop detest,
 Trust not your secrets to his leaky breast,
 Or you're betrayed—While of decorum void,
 By his impertinence you are annoyed.
 Should his presumption a low billet send,
 From Novels pilfered—or a volume lend;
 And he, by such, civilities obtained,
 The creature fancies that your favour's gained.
 Or even smile, and you become his toast,
 At feast, or Ale-house, and his constant boast.
 If but allowed his passion to declare,
 In hacknied words, too trite to be sincere—
 Such studied words, the parrot-cant of art,
 Are not the dictates of a lover's heart.
 Or should he have an interview obtained,
 Tho' you but jest, your reputation's stained—
 For honour, confidence, and all beside,
 Are immolated on the shrine of pride.
 In time be wary, and his visits shun,
 And from such foplings as from adders run!
 And with your innate dignity disdain
 Each low-bred pedant, and each fopling vain—
 For so much beauty, elegance, and ease,
 Were not intended for such oaves as these.
 Make not much freedom with the vulgar crowd,
 Tho' in your praises prodigal and loud—

Your coy reserve, and manners dignified,
 Will be misconstrued to contempt or pride,
 They tear you oft, who cringe before your face,
 With groundless slander and detraction base.
 Be never seen with matron or with belle,
 Upon whose character suspicion fell,
 For if your sex receive the smallest stain,
 'Tis hard, tho' guiltless, to efface again—
 For when tall nettles you will pass among,
 In spite of caution you'll be often stung.
 Shun, as unfit associates for you,
 That upstart, purse-proud, self-conceited crew ;
 That flout and flutter in their best attire,
 Like new-fledged insects from the Summer's mire !
 Their gaudy trappings, and their quick up-rise !
 E'en fill themselves with wonder and surprise ;
 And, as if freed from modesty and sense,
 They flirt and romp at decency's expense.
 But choose the pious, modest, prudent maid,
 Tho' not in half their finery arrayed,
 Make her your playmate and your bosom friend,
 And you'll have peace and profit in the end.
 Why treat to you of characters like these,
 Which I account as morals' secret foes ?
 Your spotless mind, still as an Angel's pure,
 Could not the manners of such folk endure.
 By wealth or titles, you could not be bribed—
 To mix with such as I have now described,

But you, hereafter, by experience, may
Find out more meaning in this friendly lay :
And that the purport of this humble rhyme,
Was but a *caution*, or a *hint* in time !
But above all, in Providence confide,
And take Religion as your surest guide.
Still pray devoutly, and implore His grace,
Who died to ransom Adam's fallen race.
That Grace with Faith, Hope, Charity and
Prayers,
Shall still secure us against Satan's snares.
And with that Grace, your innocence and truth,
Will safely guide your inexperienced youth.
And in your God a true Protector find,
Till blest with one congenial to your mind.
And that all blessings on your steps attend,
Is still the wish of your sincerest friend.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

 TO MR. M.——— M.———

This gentleman was a bosom friend and boon-companion of the Author's, and to whom the Author addressed many Poetical pieces, and among the rest the following. The piece was written on the subject it describes.

DEAR M——,

Another fit of rhyme,
Has strongly seized me at this time,
And as it did, it is no crime

To write each thought ;
Altho' it will be neither prime,
Nor as it ought.

But as to you the truth I tell,
I own I'm not infallible—
My failings all are known too well,

I scorn a lie !
But many from their duty fell,
As well as I.

I deemed it ne'er a mortal sin,
When with a friend I would fall in,
To drink "Brown Stout," or "Irish Gin,"
Till I'd be dizzy !

Detraction, on my foibles, then
Is long-kept busy.

Tho' bad enough, kind heav'n knows,
I am too oft belied by those
Who, in pretence of being jocose,
Will tantalize me ;

And often league with secret foes,

To stigmatize me.

I often bear with brainless fools,

Who sport the lore of Slander's schools,

And, reckless of Decorum's rules,

My feelings worry ;

But troth, the next that ridicules,

May soon be sorry.

Is it because that I am poor,

That their rough taunts I must endure ?

No—tho' I beg from door to door,

I will not bear it !

But if keen satire prove a cure,

Perhaps they'll hear it.

An upstart, purse-proud, griping set,

Who by extortion riches get,

And ne'er about religion fret,

But always rail—

And often pay a weighty debt,

By trips to jail!

They are to mankind a disgrace,

By fraud, oppression, doings base,

Yet, void of shame, with brazen face,

Will slander you—

Tho' they to consequence and place,

Like mushrooms grew.

But quit, my Muse, your biting lays,—
 You'd always rather scold than praise,
 And pitch them, when they end their days,

To shades below ;

Where all who tread such evil ways,

At last shall go !

The only crime that I commit,
 Is, that sometimes with friends I sit,
 And take a drop to whet the wit,

And care to soften ;

That is the rock on which I split,

Altho' not often.

And yet I own that 'tis not good,
 For when strong liquors fire the blood,
 'Then vice, like an impetuous flood,

Will man o'erwhelm ;

And madness stands where reason stood,

To guide the helm.

In that one thing alone, am frail,
 For I, thank God, nor rob, nor steal,
 Nor envy, swear, lie, cheat, nor rail—

These I despise—

Yet envious knaves will me assail,

With bare-faced lies.

How many a Genius, Wit, and Sage,
 In ev'ry polished clime and age,
 Their cares or sorrows to assuage,
 Would drain the bowl ?

Or kindle to poetic rage
 The glowing soul !

Anacreon drank throughout the day,
 And gay Petronius topped away—
 Tasso, and Horace, wet their clay

 With rosy sups,
 And Savage, Dermody, and Gay,
 Still loved their cups.

Camoens, Burns, and Somerville,
 Otway and Butler drank their fill ;
 Cervantes too, oft drained his jill,
 And Chatterton.—

And what do I, by all I swill,
 But these have done ?

And many more that I could name,
 Whose works have gained immortal fame,
 But I, who no such merit claim,
 Will not be spared !

But when detractors sink in shame,
 I'll be revered !

But now another course I'll steer,—
 For during one whole tedious year,
 With Publican or Sheebeenier,

This vow I make—

That e'en one glass, my brain to clear,
 I will not take !!!

For if at home I take a drop,
 I'll not be seen by ev'ry fop,
 That pimps about a whiskey shop,
 With prying eyes ;
 And who at truth will never stop,
 But forges lies.

And when my tippling I shall quit,
 I'll watch those scheming spies that sit,
 And at their betters laugh and skit,
 With gross ill-nature—
 And surely lash each would-be wit
 With cutting satire.

Their envious calumnies, are fraught
 With things, of which I never thought,
 And oft to distant places brought,
 And published there ;
 But you shall see, that they'll be caught
 In their own snare.

I always saw one maxim plain,
 Since ever reason cleared my brain,
 That man by drunkenness would gain
 But loss and shame;
 Which caused me always to disdain
 The drunkard's name.

But I henceforth, at reason's suit,
 Shall only tipple like the brute—
 That's only to allay the draught
 That I may feel ;
 And that will ne'er bring disrepute,
 Nor make me reel.

But what is more surprising still,
 Those hypocrites will drain the jill,
 And hid, from public gaze, they swill,
 No folly balking,
 More than those, of whom so ill
 They're always talking.

Yet in the street there's none so free
 To blame for drinking you and me—
 Grin, laugh, and jest, with envious glee
 But here I end—
 And am, as always, and shall be
 Your sincere friend.

To Mr. P.— C.— n.

This gentleman was a friend of the Author's, who was for some time in the Constabulary. He was blest with an honest, independence of mind, which always gave free expression to his sentiments. But this, it appears, did not forward his interest in that Establishment. He was constantly removed from place to place, without any preferment. On one of these occasions, the Author sent him the following letter.

Receive this epistle, my worthy friend, Peter,
Which I shall endeavour to scribble in metre,
And I am in dread that the muse will indite it,
As badly as I in my hurry shall write it—
But when on my hobby, Pegasus, astride,
O'er law and discretion I oftentimes ride—
But trust your good nature will kindly excuse,
The vapouring, stumbles, and slips of the muse.
Without further preface, I frankly shall send,
My thoughts undisguised, to my tried, trusty
friend.

I know, that last week, you felt lonely in mind,
For friends that you left in Oldcastle behind—
I mean decent folk, which we well-disposed call
For knaves and marauders ne'er like you at all.

Such rogues ever view you with envy or awe,
 For doing your "duty according to law."
 But ev'ry delinquent will envy or dread,
 The servants of Justice, in blue, green, or red—
 And from the beginning, all villains are prone
 To such, in each country as well as our own.
 But soldier, or constable, paid by the State,
 Should keep down each rioter, robber & cheat—
 While this he performs, the nation he quiets
 From murders, frauds, plunder, rebellions, and
 riots;

Then he has the confidence, praise, and respect
 Of each loyal subject, that he will protect.

But if thro' bad motives, or some wicked views
 Or curst Party-feeling, his trust he abuse—
 And thro' such bad passions, by bay'net or gun,
 To massacre dozens, thro' malice or fun—

The children from parents, or husbands from
 wives,

To murder, instead of protecting their lives—
 Or slaughter, when called on to quash an affray,
 And use the Queen's arms her subjects to slay
 The man who'd be guilty of doing such harms,
 Should not be entrusted with carrying arms!

With your wonted frankness, I know you'll reply,
 That you know your duty much better than I!
 Then do it—But those, who *officious* we call,
 That over do duty, don't do it at all!

A Constable's duty, both easy and rough,
 If but executed, is *duty* enough.

But Peter, your cronies imagine it strange,
 That you should have gotten so sudden a change !
 But it may be right, when we know not the *cause*,
 As I'm unacquainted with policemen's laws.
 Of one thing am certain—if people get merit
 For candour, and true independence of spirit ;
 And conduct that's blameless, and parts not a
 few,

There's none more deserving of merit than you !
 But as I shall always with candour speak out,
 I fancy not much, how your' bandied about—
 And as the true reason I cannot divine,
 I shall not advance an opinion of mine.

But so many *changes* your mind must annoy,
 When, 'stead of preferment, your'e changed to
 Athboy !

But your honest bluntness, and candour of mind,
 Are ill calculated to please all mankind—

Besides th' independence to which you adhere,
 Is of small advantage to one in your sphere.

For when your opinion you boldly disclose,
 It gains very little, save ill-will and foes !

At least, from preferment, we see you deterred,
 While men of no merit are often preferred.

But we perceive worth for a livelihood strive,
 While pickthanks and varlets by villany thrive !

Thus merit oft pines, altho' not in disgrace,
 While hypocrites, panders, and sycophants base,—
 Who cringe, pimp and flatter, and smile to betray,
 And wantonly whisper characters away ;

Enjoy all the sunshine and smiles of the hour,
Of each petty tyrant and up-start in pow'r !
But let these base tools of corruption, enjoy,
The graces of those, who such wretches employ.
Too dearly-bought favours, when gained at the
cost

Of honesty bartered, and character lost !
Be these, by their compeers, in infamy, prized,
But always by honesty, curst and despised.
But that reputation, which you have maintained,
And which all your forefathers left you unstained,
With truth, independence and honour preserve,
And never from candour or rectitude swerve—
While your future conduct shall square with the
past,

And that your unsullied integrity last—
And while such a praiseworthy course you pursue,
My friendship shall last, undiminished for you !
But he who to meanness or knavery bends .
That moment is struck off the list of my friends !
For half-famished beagles shall play with the
hare,—

And lions, when hungry, the lambkin shall
spare—

And wolves with the kid shall in friendship unite—
And Phoebus illumine the darkness of night—
And streams from the vallies up mountains ascend,

Ere knave, pimp, or villain be counted the
friend! of &

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

To Mr. M—— M——.

A young man, of great poetical abilities, having called one day at Mr. M——s, and having learned from that gentleman, that the Author drank but very little ardent spirits, he wrote him a poetical letter, in the style of Burns, and in the name of his correspondent, Mr. M. This letter intimated, on the maxim of Horace, "That a Water-Poet could not be good;" and advised the Author "To use the *glass* to clear his brain." The Author knew that neither the composition nor writing was Mr. M.'s, but to which he returned the following answer.

DEAR M——,

Your stanzas I admire—

They've set my sluggish soul on fire,

Your Muse with vigour struck the lyre

To bring them forth—

Apollo did your soul inspire

With sterling worth.

I wondered what your hand had marred,

As I ne'er found your *scroll* so hard—

Thought I, it was the Ayrshire Bard

Composed these lays—

For, like the rest of his, they're starred

With gems that blaze.

I then perused in silent awe,—
 The style defied dull Critics' law,
 Smooth, sweet, correct, without a flaw
 In sense or skill?

But when your signature I saw
 I laughed my fill !

Ho ! ho ! thought I, it was my friend,
 And not Bob Burns, that this has penned,
 For when my long-kept thirst did end,
 I drank with him—
 But what strange Muse such strength could lend
 To indulge his whim.

To guess the Muse, some doubt betrays,
 That could dictate such brilliant lays ;
 For genius in each line portrays
 Its brightest glow—
 Such flowing numbers I would praise,
 Tho' from a foe !

But to the subject of your theme,
 Where humour, wit, and genius flame,
 And in whose sequel you proclaim,
 Or seem to think—
 " That Bards can never climb to fame,
 Without strong drink."

'Tis true, the juice of grape or grain,
 Will, for a moment, clear the brain;
 And while the sparkling cup we drain,
 Our spirits rise,
 But leaves the mind quite dull again,
 Whene'er it dies.

The man who is to drink a slave,
 Is always plunged in folly's wave,
 And will, like any maniac, rave
 From place to place,
 Until he meet an early grave,
 Or foul disgrace !

Drink brought poor Savage to the tomb,
 And did sweet Otway's health consume—
 And Dermody, in manhood's bloom,
 By toping died—
 And hastened Burns' lamented doom,
 Once Scotland's pride.

It often drained sweet Tasso's purse,
 And proved to gay Petronius worse—
 And to Camoens was a curse
 He could not shun—
 And was of suicide the nurse
 In Chatterton !

It proved Cervantes' overthrow—
 And was to Somerville a foe—
 And left the witty Butler low—
 And Dryden poor—
 And often plunged sweet Gay in woe
 He could not cure !

How many a learned, sound Divine,
 By the intemp'rate use of wine,
 Or ardent spirits, ere he'd dine,—
 Left by its rage,
 Beneath suspension's ban to pine
 In shame and age !

Balshazzar was by drink inflamed,
 When he the name of God blasphemed—
 And Noah was for drinking shamed
 By his own son—
 And Alexander was, tho' famed,
 By drink undone !

'Twas drink that wrapt famed Troy in flames—
 And drink that caused the Thracian dames,
 At their mad, Bacchanalian Games,
 Orpheas to kill—
 And God, in Holy-writ, exclaims
 'Gainst toping still !

Then why so often quaff that juice,
 Which must such bad effects produce ?
 But wisely to forego its use,
 And change our minds ;
 Lest it let head-strong passions loose,
 Which Reason binds.

I own, a mirth-inspiring drop,
 Will oft of pleasures yield a crop,
 If we had but the sense to stop,
 And not tope on—
 But boozing in a whiskey shop,
 Sense soon is gone.

How oft has Satan grimly smiled,
 At seeing drink's devoted child,
 Indulged in his carousals wild,
 And drive along,
 Till darling Reason be exiled ?
 Then all are wrong !

And when that guide of sense is lost,
 On Passions waves the man is tost,
 And by temptations' quick-sands crost,
 In Ruins' bay ;
 From bliss—from all he values most,
 He's cast away !

Then should not I from drink abstain.
 Who am, by nature, weak and vain,
 And by a sober life to gain,
 More grace each year ;
 Rather than pay, in endless pain,
 For toying here ?

Had I but genius to indite,
 I could a quarto volume write,
 To show how men of talents bright,
 In prose and rhyme ;
 Were by their tippling ruined quite,
 In ev'ry clime.

We should be cautioned by their fall,
 To quit our tippling once for all,
 And fervently, for grace to call
 On Him above ;
 To keep from drink's bewitching thrall,
 Each friend we love.

By drink our business we neglect—
 It can't produce one good effect ;
 Too late its evils we detect,
 At health's expense,
 When it brings us to disrespect
 With men of sense.

But I'm, thank Heav'n, of drinking weaned,
 As by it I have nothing gained—
 My shallow purse it often drained,

And made me rue—

There's not a loss I e'er sustained
 But from it grew !

How many a modest, spotless maid,
 It has to vice's paths betrayed ?

When she her hopes and honour laid

On Bacchus' shrine—

And then, in guilt and shame arrayed,
 Left to repine !

How many a matron, chaste and fair

By drink was caught in folly's snare ?

Seduced, some villain's guilt to share,

From friends and place ;

And plunged her spouse in shame and care,

By her disgrace.

How many an upright man was found,

Of piety and morals sound,

And in a heav'n-ward journey bound,

From vices free ?

But was by drink in ruin drowned

And misery !

How many a youth, in plenty bred,
 Whose hopes on brightest prospects fed,
 From honesty and parents fled,
 In guilt to sink,
 And after to the gallows led,
 By means of drink ?

The drunkard seldom can escape
 From railing, quarrels, lust, lies, rape,
 Theft, oaths, and into ev'ry scrape,
 By drink he'll fall—
 When late, he'll see destruction gape
 To swallow all.

I do not mean to intimate,
 That when fatigued, or in a heat—
 Or at the sober, festive treat,
 We should refuse—
 For then by Reason's law we mete,
 What we should use.

I speak of him, who void of taste,
 Will both his time and substance waste,
 And worse than the most thirsty beast,
 Still drinks too much—
 And who repeatedly disgraced
 Himself by such.

But as I think I've said enough,
 About that soul-destroying stuff—
 And tho' you deem my numbers rough,
 You can't deny
 That the descriptions's true enough !
 So now good bye.

P. S. Altho' my vow I'll not renew,
 Yet, my potations shall be few—
 But when I meet a friend, like you,
 I frankly tell,
 That I will take a glass or two,
 Then stop—Farewell !

To Mr. B—— B——.

The Author, having one day dined with Mr. B——, and after dinner, the conversation turned on the places best adapted to the Poet's study—On some of the vices of the day—On the Author's learning Languages at such an advanced period of life—and on wealth—Which caused the writing of the following Piece.

When the rhyming maggot a Poet will bite,
 Some place is selected to rave or indite—
 But in ev'ry country, each Bard has been known,
 To choose out a rhyme-spinning shop of his own.
 That nature's child, Burns, would fancy the glade,
 And Petrarch selected Valchisa's cool shade.

Great Pope, in his Grotto, conversed with the
Muse—

While Dryden the Study for thinking would choose.
Sweet Gay chose the bottle—and Shenstone the
Wood—

And Horace the margin of Tiber's clear flood.
Great Maro, the shades round his villa selected,
When writing his Pieces, by Phoebus directed.
But where Homer studied, whose numbers excel,
Is hidden by time, and no record can tell.
Young, Dante, and Tasso, chose solitude still—
And wild Ariosto, the fountain or rill.

Camoens the garden, when most in its bloom,
But I can find no place can equal my room !
Alone there, when seated beside a clear fire,
The Muse would, or something my noddle inspire,
And then a small drop of Dundalk or Roscrea,
Would quickly incite me to scribble away.

But I should have all things as silent as death,
For I'd be annoyed by the sound of your breath—
And then, if determined some theme to pursue,
My coquetish Muse for the favour I woo.

But sometimes the *Jade* at your servant's expense,
Will often lack prudence, nay, e'en commonsense.
Unwilling the highest character to spare,
The whimsical *Hussy* lays villainies bare—
And fearlessly lashes, in her honest lay,
The heartless oppressions and frauds of the day.
When *scented* by witlings, and you know full well
That pedagogues, rhymers, & witlings can smell—

And always one rhymers can smell-out a brother,
 As well as one rich man can scent out another ;
 But not to digress, when she's pestered by these,
 And pretenders pester, more often than please.
 If she disoblige them, poor *Madam's* attacked,
 And often, by calumnies, wrongfully hacked—
 And she will as often, with just ridicule,
 Vex pedant, fop, dotard, knave, dullard and fool !
 And when justly angered, she seldom will fail,
 The minions of folly and vice to assail.
 And when she sees tyranny, avarice, pow'r,
 And lawless injustice the people devour—
 And hard-hearted riches drive want from its door—
 And purse-proud oppression still grinding the poor
 And extermination lay villages low,
 As if half the country was sacked by a foe !
 She honestly ventures such crimes to expose,
 Which greatly increases the ranks of her foes.
 Or when she perceives gilded vanity's train
 O'erstepping decorum, thro' folly or gain—
 For instance, Sir fopling, too decent to toil,
 Will deck himself out in the first Dandy style !
 And then like a pedlar, whose wealth's in his pack,
 Will proudly display all he's worth on his back.
 The Great-ones he apes, with conceit for his guide,
 Yet wants all their manners, but folly and pride.
 And then view the conduct of these worthless things
 While flutt'ring like maggots when furnished
 with wings.

They caper about in their best Sunday-suits,
 Of broad-cloth, tipped-hats, chamois-gloves and
 half boots,
 The Farmer, Mechanic, and Peasant despise,
 And frown, with contempt, on the best coat of
 Frieze !

Without feeling, manners, politeness, or sense,
 They outrage decorum with gross impudence !
 If I let the Muse check such follies as these,
 Her candid rebukes their great fop-ships displease !
 But still let them grumble, or blame as they may,
 She keeps from your servant such fribbles away !
 Another description of wretches I'll name,
 Corrupters of youth and society's shame,
 I mean those blasphemers, who wantonly swear
 By Him, who all Christians adore and revere.
 That Being immortal, with awe should be named,
 Who has by His power the universe framed—
 And Who rules creation with his potent rod,
 And still shows the wisdom and strength of a God !
 And Who, by His breath, could these blasphemers
 quell,
 And send them, like Korah and Dathan, to hell—
 Or, as he did Nadab, consume them by flame,
 Or serve as Belshazzar, who dared to blaspheme !
 Such hurl defiance at Him and His law,
 Nor are of his anger nor justice in awe !
 Dishonour that name, nor could Pagans do more,
 At which devils tremble and angels adore !
 By some fops of fashion, 'tis used as a veil,
 Their want of sense, learning, & words to conceal ;

And when they want language, thro' ignorance
seek,

To fill up each chasm by oaths, when they speak.
I count them as liars, nor deem the thought odd,
That doubt their own phrases, when swearing by
God!

And shall deem each swearer, by that simple rule,
An Atheist, sharper, cheat, liar or fool!

You count me but "*foolish*," because I engage,
In striving to study dead Tongues at my age.

But, plainly to answer the question you ask,
I studied with pleasure, and not as a task.

And truly this adage, the reason may show—

"There's pleasure in madness, that madmen but
know!"

With Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Irish, I own,
Much trouble and time were to uselessness thrown,
Which might have been rendered to better account,
If only in climbing the two-headed mount!

I own at my age, it was seemingly odd,
Thro Grammars, devoid of a tutor, to plod;
Thro which, by attention, I ventured to crawl,
But still found the Irish the hardest of all.

Tho' some, of my studies, may make silly fun—
But I am the gainer by what I have done—

Tho' my acquisition, they fain would repress,
I would not exchange it for all they possess!

But I must acknowledge with thanks and delight,
The heart-stirring pleasure I felt th'other night!

While gay hospitality smiled thro' your place,

A *cead mee*le *faultha* appeared in your face.

When Cormac was monarch, the first Irish Chief,
 Could ne'er treat his noble to better roast-beef,
 Nor ever, in England, the friendly Lord Clare,
 Could entertain Goldsmith with daintier fare.

Your liquor, for flavour, was fit for a king,
 And would, by its strength, cause a Stoic to sing,
 And your conversation, while draining each cup,
 Gave zest to the flavour, and sweetened each sup.
 Tho' seemingly blunt, yet in justice I own,
 That you're more esteemed, when more thoroughly
 known.

You always hate cringers, and speak as you think,
 And ne'er at the acts of the hypocrite wink.
 Still simple in manners, free, friendly and gay,
 But th' evil, called riches, will lead you astray.
 For, as you are candid, you'll freely allow,
 That you are undoubtedly hoarding it now !
 By which your good nature to pride will be turned,
 And all your old cronies unfeelingly spurned.
 Then haughtiness, avarice, self-consequence,
 And puffed-up conceit will destroy your good
 sense.

And leave your fine temper, sharp, peevish and
 sour,

Like each petty upstart intrusted with pow'r,
 And leave you as selfish, and dark as a boor,
 And distant, hard-hearted, and proud to the poor,
 And like ev'ry rich man, will make you pretend,
 That you can't remember an old, needy friend.

But conscious, tho' wealth in abundance increase,
 That you'll ne'er exhibit a conduct so base,

I am, &——.

To the Rev. P— O'R—.

This is one of the Pieces written at the time of the broken leg. The Rev. Mr. O'R— was one of the Author's bosom friends,—and having been absent from home for some time, on his return, the Author gave him an account of the accident and his circumstances, in the following lines.

DEAR REV. FRIEND,

The privilege I claim,
 To call you still by that endearing name.
 Altho' I've recently too often found,
 That 'tis, with many, but an empty sound.
 But still I fancy that 'tis not repress,
 By time or absence, in your feeling breast ;
 Nor from your servant totally estranged,
 But still, as erst, true, candid, and unchanged.
 There was a period, and not long since,
 When I was honoured with your confidence.
 Without reserve, to me you would impart
 Each secret, thought, and feeling of your heart.
 What from relations closely was concealed
 Was always freely to my ear revealed—
 And still these secrets, in my bosom's core,
 Shall always slumber, till it beat no more.
 This won my heart—I felt an honest pride,
 At being intrusted, and I did confide.

I told my secrets, for your breast I knew,
 Had not a chink, to let a secret through.
 In wo and weal, with me you sympathized,
 And, as a father, cordially advised—
 By which imboldened, I shall now disclose,
 The hapless chance, that caused my present woes.
 Of tedious months, I nearly number three,
 Since tortured by a dislocated knee !
 And as if Fortune was not satisfied,
 To have my patience by one evil tried,
 Two other, greater, in my way were thrown—
 A broken tendon and a fractured bone !!
 A botching Quack, who bears a Doctor's name,
 But who to all the Faculty's a shame !
 Whose greatest talent is his parrot-prate—
 A cringing pimp and tell-tale to the Great—
 And who his patients, shamefully belied,
 His want of knowledge cunningly to hide !
 Half set my leg—But after nine week's pain
 Another broke it—and reset again !
 But after all the tortures I've endured,
 The broken tendon is as yet uncured—
 And convalescent, like a limping song,
 I now, on crutches, drag my leg along !
 My recent suff'ring would be hard to paint—
 My pain would try the patience of a saint.
 View me extended, to a bed confined—
 By friends abandoned, and to pain consigned !

Without a friend, to sooth my growing care—
 Nor cheering hope, to brighten my despair!
 Small expectation that my leg would mend—
 Nor aid, but Heav'n, on which I could depend !
 Surrounded by poor monuments of grief,
 Who had but pity to afford relief.
 To nights of pain, and gloomy thoughts indeed,
 But cheerless mornings, daily would succeed.
 A prey to torture, misery, and wo,
 As poor as Job, and bare as Esop's crow !
 And what consigned me to misfortune's sport,
 You know my earning was my chief support ;
 But when disabled, that small income ceased,
 I then, in money, became poor at least !
 'Tis then indeed, the word *dependence* stung,
 My once proud heart, and ev'ry feeling wrung!
 Of how I felt, am conscious your'e aware,
 When left dependent, friendless, lame and bare.
 E'en those, with whom I wasted manhood's prime,
 Displayed but coldness at that pressing time.
 But thanks to Him, Who does creation sway,
 Impels the tempest, points the lightning's ray—
 Restrains the billows, rocks the distant poles—
 And from Whose hand the volleyed thunder rolls !
 And feeds all younglings in the desert wild—
 And soothes the sorrows of misfortune's child !
 He sent relief, in His paternal care,
 Which banished want and brightened my despair.



From friend I asked not, tho' by want impelled,
For independence at the thought rebelled—
Nor e'en necessity's all-conqu'ring stroke,
That honest, stubborn, independence broke—
Nor could subdue that spirit in the end
Which *promise, bribe, nor threat* could ever bend!
And tho' compelled reluctantly to beg,
And on my crutches drag my broken leg—
Nay, tho' a cripple, I do not intend,
To try the patience of the coldest friend!
Nor from a crony begged assistance claim,
For altho' poor, I yet have decent shame.
A begging friend few cronies will admire,
For the best friend will soon of *giving* tire.
I to a Work-house sooner would repair
And live in hunger, cold, and sorrow there,
And the short remnant of existence end
Than meanly succumb to the nearest friend.
But in conclusion I request to say—
Not to mistake the purport of this lay—
In which I hint not, seek not aid from you,
Nor shall accept—dear Rev. Friend, adieu!